

## A STAFF COUNCIL TABLE ON THE VESLE

BOCHE CAPTIVES  
WORK AND LIVE  
LIKE REST OF US

Sentries and Barbed Wire  
Only Clue to Fact That  
They're P.W.'s

## NEAR NON-COM LOSES OUT

Yanks Spoiled Everything a Few  
Hours Before He Was Due to  
Get His Warrant

The same food, in quantity and quality, that is issued to American soldiers; the same housing and sanitary accommodations; the same medical care, the same hours of labor as their American captors, the same provisions for their spiritual welfare and for recreation are the lot of the German prisoners of war taken by the A.E.F. and held by it in its own prison camps back of the lines.

The policy outlined in a recent general order is being carried out to the letter at the prisoner-of-war enclosures in the S.O.S. It is needless to say that it is in striking contrast with the treatment accorded to American prisoners of war by their German captors, whose brutal methods with men forced to surrender to them are only too well known. Take a typical prisoner of war pen, such as you may see at any one of several camps in the S.O.S. Save for the high fence of barbed wire about it and the sentries pacing up and down outside of it, you would think it to be the average set of American barracks buildings. Everything is neat, everything is well appointed, everything is laid out with military justness.

There are the chlorinated water bags, protecting the users against possible infection from polluted sources of supply. There is the mess shack, fitted up with all the necessary conveniences for turning the ample American ration into palatable food. And there, under the shade of the barracks buildings, are the prisoners themselves, rolling their cigars, retting, for they get a tobacco ration from their captors of three sacks of makh's per man per week.

**Regular Working Day**  
The varied types of German you see in the enclosure are not always engaged in rolling their own, however. To live and keep fit, they must work; and work they do for nine hours a day. Sundays excepted, which is the average normal time put in by the working soldier in the S.O.S. these days. According to their strength, according to their ability, they work, some on road repairing and on railroad construction, more at their own particular trades, such as cobbling, tailoring, gardening, cooking—at any and all of the trades that come in handy about a big base camp.

In connection with the cooking, it may be said that all the food eaten by the prisoners is dishes up by their own cooks, so that there may be no question of the Army's rations not being handled in a way to appease the German appetite.

For each working day they put in, the prisoners are entitled to a certain amount of pay, the exact sum not yet being decided on. Arrangements have been made to have this given to them in canteen slips, exchangeable for goods at their own canteens only. In addition to the canteen privilege, arrangements have been made to have them visited by a chaplain of the Lutheran persuasion, the creed of the majority of them, and to have a mass said every Sunday in their enclosure for those of them who are Catholics.

Each prisoner is allowed to write two letters a week, subject, of course, to the necessary rigid censorship. His bathing privileges and toilet facilities are the same as those of the Americans.

**No Eagle Buttons**  
If he lost a good portion of his clothes in the fighting that led up to his being led rearward into the American lines, he is fitted out anew in cast-off American O.D., dyed a greenish hue and with its eagle insignia buttons replaced by plain black ones. (Whitehead's "P.W." right over the heart, and another similar device on the trousers.)

When the first batch of 450—450 constituting a prisoner company, as at present organized—came into a certain American camp, the shaving problem loomed up as the most acute. All that could be wheeled out of the post quartermaster was a pair of safety razors, for he didn't have any more on hand. To bridge the gap, the second lieutenant in charge of the company loaned the "German" barber straight-edged razor; and the barber went at his job with typical Teutonic thoroughness.

Day in, day out he worked, for half a week. The lieutenant, who had exchanged one of the razor's native sheaths to wit, Tennessee—for the flat lands of France, dropped in on him to see how the debarring process was coming.

"Ja, Herr Oberst," the barber replied to his question. [The prisoners invariably confuse our shavecalls with colonels, much to the former's delight. "Alfred! You had razed two hundred and seventy of them!"] And he had the rest of them in shape for the post commander's Sunday morning inspection at the end of the week. Thus was one of their first difficulties solved.

Only one request by a prisoner at that same camp seems out of the province

A.E.F. ITCH HUNTERS  
AGAIN ON WARPATH

Can the Coots and Shorten  
the War, Is Slogan of  
New Offensive

## BOLSHEVIK FLEA ARRIVES

Skin Does Give Out Inside Stuff on  
How to Tell Seam Squirrels  
from Scabies

## COOTIES

Also known as "lice," "Gray-Backs," "Seam-Squirrels," "Boches," and—(deleted by the Censor).

They are bloodsuckers.

They live in blankets and clothes.

They breed and lay eggs or nits in the seams of clothing, especially the trousers.

**THE CURE**  
While taking a bath, your entire kit of clothing will be sterilized. Get a new identity tag cord.

Treat your body hairs daily with prophylactic salve—the armpits, too, if you have many of 'em.

**RESULTS**  
If you do not get rid of 'em, they will cause sores and boils and you will be an unpopular candidate for a hospital.

**OUR CLAIM**  
We guarantee a cure in one hour. If your friend has 'em, send him here.

Such is the sign that stares at you from the wall of each bathroom in American Red Cross Hospital No. 9—for the hospital would not be a hospital were it not for its 60 commodious bathrooms, bright yellow and black tile sign, and it means what it says. Alonside it is a companion piece which starts out in an equally startling way about SCABIES. It also means business.

For he it known that the skin, at No. 9, which—no more than the ordinary—of the itch center of the military is out to down the itches and all the scratches of this Army. And it is not doing it purely because it wants to make you comfortable, but because it wants to make the Army efficient.

**Got to Get Rid of Them**  
While it is known that fully 95 per cent of the men at the front get cures at one station of the camp or another, the Army doctors in charge at No. 9 are not dismayed. They admit it, and then tell you this:

"Coots and scabies do not mean that the man having them has got to go to a hospital; they simply mean that he has got to get rid of them. If he doesn't get rid of them, he will get boils and sores from scratching at them which will take from three to six weeks to cure. And if every body of the 95 per cent afflicted had to be yanked out for from three to six weeks, where and the front would be our Army? Doesn't it pay to get sterilized and saved?"

Then, before you have time to answer that, the No. 9 doctors tell you something about the great French flea, which is no more a respecter of persons than the average Bolshevik.

He is only 1-32 of an inch long, of a brownish-black color, shaped like a submarine and even more furtive. Not even a sulphur ointment barrage has succeeded in isolating him, and the doctors solemnly aver that the only way to avoid him and his kind is to sneak off in the dark. The flea, it seems, has no star-shells. And he loves Yanks.

But how do you know when you've got the fleas, aside from seeing them? If it's fleas, you'll feel it within 24 to 36 hours after the first bite. If it's later than that, it's the so-called "French" itch, popularly known as the scabies. If it's fleas, you can trace their paths by little bits of bites, just like the marks on a field map. If it's scabies, there'll be bigger spots.

## Copiously and Frequently

The only way to keep off the fleas and the scabies, say the doctors, is to bathe copiously and frequently. The sterilizing of your clothes will knock the bugs off both out of them, once you have had 'em. And if you have had 'em bad, so bad as to be interesting to the doctors, they will take you into No. 9, put you through a course of treatment, and take pictures of you, before and after, in all your natural splendor. No, not your face; you may wrap a towel around that so the folks at home won't get wise when you're shown in the movies.

But—here's the rub (rather, the itch) for all of us: At No. 9, which is in Paris, there are constantly in attendance from four to eight doctors called in from the front. They are rotated as fast as possible, so that soon every doctor at the front will know every kind of skin disease the moment he sees it, and what to do for it. And soon, in addition to our other inspections, there prompt to be a regular hide inspection, with shirt off and trousers half-mast.

of the American authorities to try to grant, it is that made by a certain German private. It seems he was to be made a colonel at noon on a certain day. On the morning of that day he was captured by the Yanks.

"He wants me to have the A.E.F. take it up with his regiment," says his American lieutenant commander, the first Tennesseean who ever refused a colonel's (Oberst's) title. "and see if they won't make him a non-com anyway, seeing that he missed it by only a few hours and that it was through our fault that he missed out on it. However, I am inclined to think that the A.E.F. will have to take up some other things first with his regiment and his Army."

EVEN THE GENERAL  
WASN'T TOO BUSY

Little Ohio Boy Gets His  
Letter from "Place  
Across Ocean"

There are a thousand things which touch the heart of the American officer on the job with Uncle Sam in France. They are sometimes very little things. A brigadier general with the A.E.F. was stationed at Camp Sheridan, Ala., last Christmas when he received a letter from a little Ohio boy, a very little fellow whose few scribbled words occupied four sheets of paper. He had read about wars and generals. He wanted to have a general write to him. He said he wanted to cheer for the soldier boys, and that the only way he could do it was by writing letters.

The general replied, saying that if bigger boys had as big a heart and as good a spirit as he the war would soon be ended. That was eight months ago.

The other day when duties with his troops were keeping the general unusually busy, a bundle of letters was handed him. On the top of the bundle was one from the little Ohio boy, whose home is in Shelby.

## "I'm Too Small, They Say"

"It's been a long time since I have heard from you or from any other soldier," he wrote. "I wish I could be where the soldiers are, but I can't. I'm too small, they say."

"But, please, general, won't you write me a letter while you are in France? I have never received a letter in all my life from France, or from any other place across the ocean."

Now in France soldiers pounce on mail bags. They devour letters whole. They do everything but eat letters. But usually they glance through each one in the pile which they might happen by a stroke of good fortune to receive at one time, see who it's from, get a rough idea of what's in it and pass on to the next one. Then, when a little leisure comes along, they go over each one carefully. Brigadier generals do this as well as privates.

But this letter, coming as it did out of the silence of many months, made the general pause. He read further: "I've never seen you, general, but I want you to come back home safe. But please don't come back, or let any of the boys come back, until they have licked the Kaiser. I know you're going to do it."

"The general's stenographer was nearby. "Take a letter to this little boy, St. Clair," he said, and began his dictation: "Faith will move mountains."

"No, cross that out. Say, 'Faith like yours is going to help us win this war.'"

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HOLELESS MACARONI  
SAVES TONNAGE, TOO

Vermicelli Now Shipped Instead to Nick Waste Out of Holds

The Army's food sharks and boat packers have just found a new way of nicking a couple of acres of waste air out of the solidly packed holds which bring the doughboys' rations to France. The hole in the macaroni has been abolished.

But macaroni without a hole is as unnatural as a round, solid doughnut, so the holeless doughnut will be called by its rightful name, vermicelli. Company messes will soon see less of the rubber tubing and more of the angle-worm kind of stuff that on these tables goes under the family name of "wiggles." It's only a question of shape and name, anyway. They're both made of the same things.

Incidentally, macaroni and vermicelli makers back in the States are said to be suffering from strained necks due to the necessity of changing their formula and manufacturing processes on account of the scarcity of wheat and the use of wheat substitutes.

The big thing is to obey the dictates of the Government food board and yet make macaroni, spaghetti and vermicelli that will hang together. Nothing annoys a macaroni eater more than to have three or four inches fall off the end of the string on the way to his mouth.

## TO SHARE PRISONERS

An agreement has been reached with the French Army for the disposition of prisoners taken by American and French units intermixed in action whereby the number of prisoners of the total capture to be given to the American unit will be determined by the proportion of American troops to the total of troops engaged.

Thus, if 800 French and 200 Americans capture 700 prisoners, 560 of the captives will become P.G.'s and 140 P.W.'s. The same rule will apply to captured material.

So far as practicable, Bulletin '62 explains, prisoners made by Americans will be set aside for them.

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LEAVE BUREAU READY  
FOR A.E.F. OFFICERS

Will Collect Data on Hotels, Hunting, Sports and Expenses

An Officers' Leave Bureau has been established at A.P.O. 702 for the convenience of officers going on leave.

The Bureau, according to Bulletin '62, is charged with the collection and distribution of data concerning accommodations available in all localities of France where officers are permitted to spend their leave.

The data will include information about hotels, pensions—meaning, of course, boarding houses, not vacation money, on no-accommodations in private families, hunting and fishing reserves, bathing beaches, sports, points of interest, and all courtesies extended through the Association of French Homes, in conjunction with which the bureau operates.

Officers are urged to "make the fullest possible use of this bureau, to the end that their leaves may be spent in pleasant, congenial and enjoyable surroundings suited to their particular tastes and at a reasonable expense." The bureau is to be addressed as follows: Officers' Leave Bureau, American E.F., A.P.O. 702.

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Has opened reading, writing and rest rooms at 3 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.  
These rooms are open daily from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. and all Soldiers and Sailors of the Allied Forces are cordially welcome at all times. The Christian Science Monitor, other publications of the Society, the Bible and the Text Book of Christian Science, "Science and Health" with "Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, will be furnished free by the Committee to any Soldier or Sailor of the Allied Armies upon request. 3 AVENUE DE L'OPERA.

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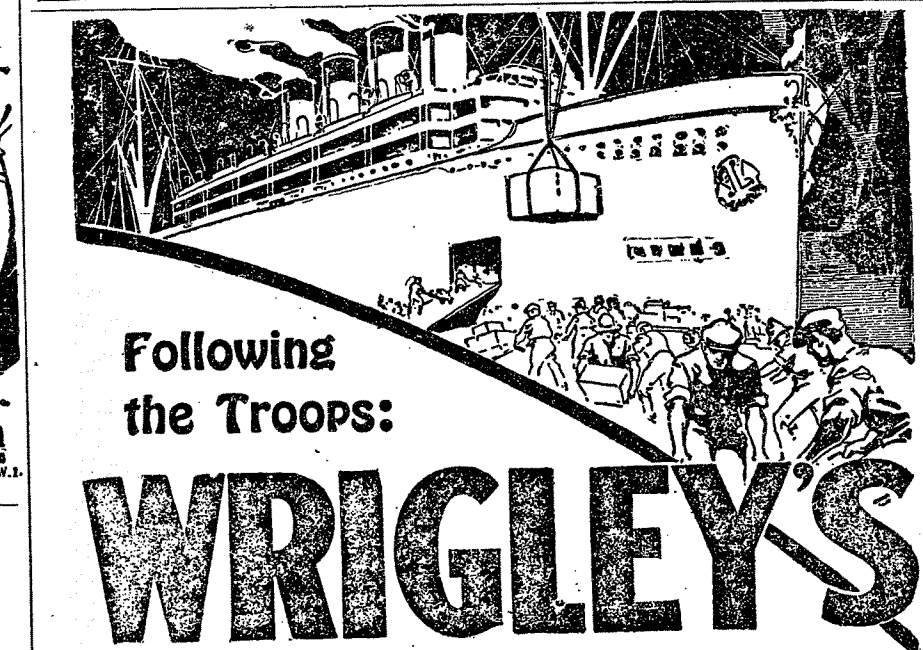
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